

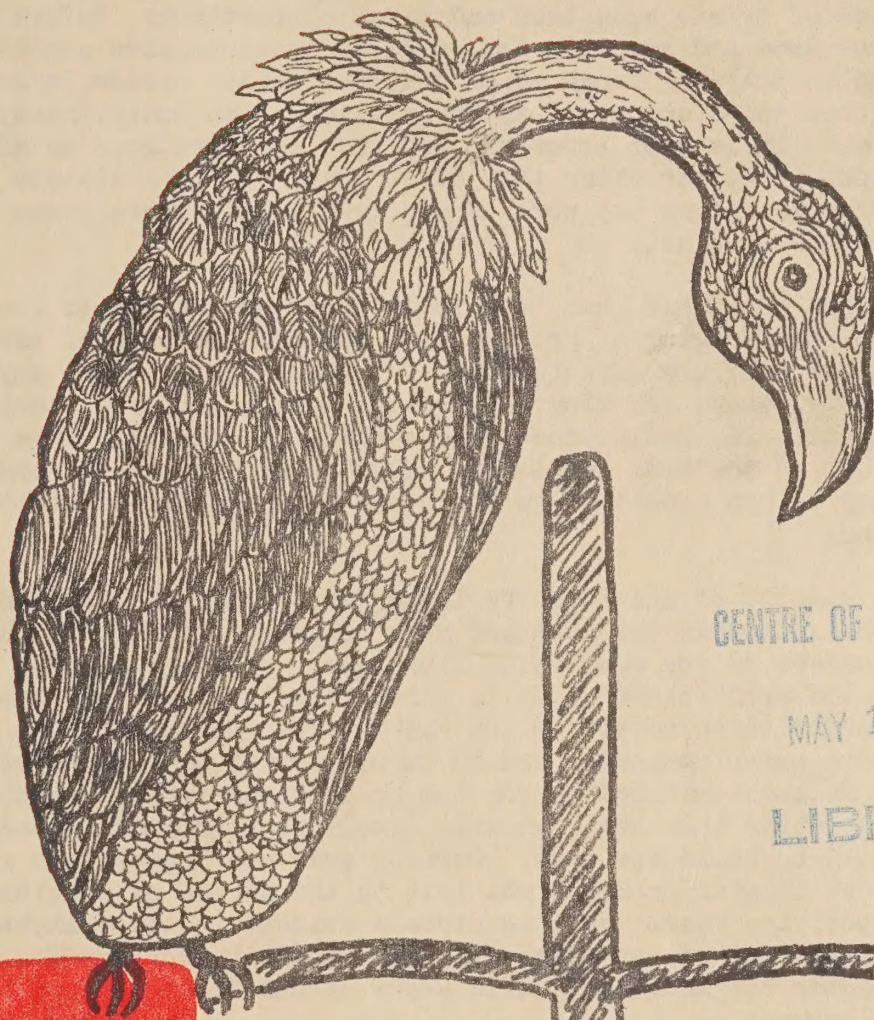
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COMMUNICATOR

SPRINGHILL PENITENTIARY



CENTRE OF CRIMINOLOGY

MAY 19 1977

LIBRARY

LIFE SENTENCE

Parliamentary Committee on Prisons

During the last few months we have witnessed a Parliamentary committee touring Canada, inspecting the prisons and listening to what many people had to say, from a sunny day in Springhill last fall to the depths of winter at the B.C. Pen. They held public meetings in the cities across the land so members of the community could also express their views. Meanwhile, inside the prisons they heard many serious reports and quite a few horror stories.

Now they have finished their tour of Canada's prisons, and it is time to prepare the report. Many pages of briefs submitted and tapes of testimony before the committee will have to be reviewed and compiled into a final comprehensive statement. All of this is only one step in the long march towards a just prison system, started as a result of riots in prisons which are still at the boiling point today, ready to blow the lid off at any time. It is most important now that the work goes on after the committee is through, not to falter after this first step, but to institute the important and much needed changes before the work of the last twenty years comes all undone in a rash of violent prison unrest.

During the sessions the committee has received a vast assortment of recommendations; from a return to the flogging of prisoners to the legalization of heroin. Of all the ideas put forward, many are unrealistic, but then again, they may be needed desperately. Certainly, there are many issues that deserve closer attention than they have so far received. The whole idea of this committee started from the negotiating table at the riot in the B.C. Pen during October of last year, and it was in the interest that many things needed to be discussed with the close attention of the lawmakers of this land.

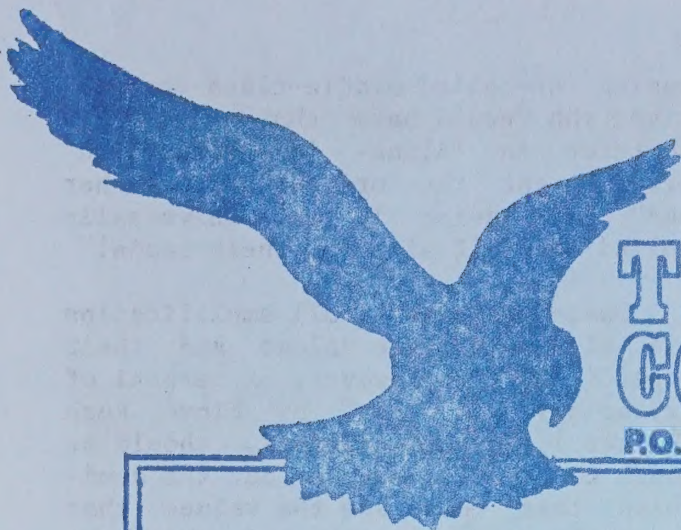
But what will be the results of all this Parliamentary committee business? There have been various commissions in the past and many recommendations from them. Will this report join the others on the shelves of libraries, or is meaningful action going to take place in the near future? It is quite likely that Parliament will lock horns with the guards' union sector of the PSAC. The results of that may very well cause concern among union members, and in turn, end up on our heads (the inmate's), but it has been well established during the proceedings that something must be done in this area. Other than that, we will likely hear another condemnation of old prisons and a call to build new ones. Perhaps some new legislation will be initiated in Parliament, but it will probably get lost in the myriad of committees there. Finally, the most positive result that is already evident is the enlightening of the public into the nature of prison life. All the publicity surrounding the committee in the last few months has made the public aware of our dilemma, and that in itself is a major accomplishment.



Editorial by Teddy Carr

Preview

And so the Slow Burner issue finally comes to a boil which means it is ready to be served up to you, our readership. Yes, you, we know you're out there, we can hear you breathing on the other end of the line. Speak up, we're curious to know what you have to say. As for those who have spoken up, we have a rebuttal from the Jaycees in reply to last issue's article on their organization. There's more far flung news in the Local Stops department which should bring everyone up to date with the late news from our investigative reporters. What with all the commotion from the PSAC recently, we've cast an eye towards prisoners' unions and the efforts in that direction elsewhere. The "Program" comes under the spotlight in this issue with Greg's progress report on the Living Unit Concept here in the last four years. A new feature this time around is The Puzzled Times, perhaps it will fill an idle moment in your day. All this and poetry, fiction, and the regular unit reports put together with great care. So what's that you say, I still can't hear you, speak up.



One day as I sat musing, sad and lonely
and without a friend, a voice came to me
from out of the gloom saying, "Cheer up,
things could be a lot worse."
So I cheered up and sure enough,
things got worse.

Anonymous

THE COMMUNICATOR

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LETTERS

JAYCEES RESPOND

Dear Editor:

There seems to be a considerable volume of muttered protest and disgust in reaction to the erstwhile disparaging article which took a flying leap of castigation at the still-developing Jaycee program. Another attempted assassination of yet another sacred cow.

Inmates should realize that they must protect such hallowed institutions from the depredations of the ikon-smashers, for whilst there is always need for reform in every sphere of human endeavour, one should always beware of those who seek to destroy just for the hell of it--and ridicule has always been the most effective weapon of the critic who has nothing better to suggest.

Though not a Jaycee myself, I feel that the program should be defended, for it does provide very worthwhile benefits for the inmates, both in direct personal terms and also by seizing some of those ethics, which the author of "O Jaycee" chose to ridicule, may well prove to be part of their salvation in providing values that will help to keep them not only as free men on the street, but--perhaps even more important--to free their minds and souls from the impulses that brought them into cross-purposes with the established norms of society.

And Those Middle Class Values?

It would appear that the writer is in a muddle of confusion over this issue, rather than those few individuals he poked at for not being overly-expressive--notwithstanding their universally positive feelings in their support of middle class values. He seems to be confusing those who do hold middle class values (as if these themselves were able to be strictly defined in black, white and immutable terms) with those who would seek to do him ill and have him confined in this heinous penal system. (It is not argued at this point that the penal system is anything but evil; in fact its presence in an otherwise civilized country appears to be an expression of the utter helplessness, hopelessness and incompetence of society in knowing how to deal with the offender.

Perhaps there is some misunderstanding over what middle class values really are and what they represent. There is certainly a lack of understanding on the part of that writer to perceive the difference between the middle class liberals who are trying to improve the convict's situation and the rabble-

rousing so-called middle-class conservative who would have that well-known character in 'Alice in Wonderland' carrying out the order--"Off with her head" but having it more universally applied to--"Off with all their heads!"

Space prevents a full amplification here of middle class values and their proper defence. However, a perusal of 'Psychology and Life' by Floyd Ruch (Chapter 7, Seventh edition), should be enough to persuade anyone but the dunderhead that these are the values that are really worth having--and that the way of injustice is the sure road to personal and societal misery for anyone whatever his station may be in life.

Is it not better to cherish the home and the personal involvements contained therein than to consider it as a transient way-station to nowhere?--and, does it not suggest a happier way of life to accept oneself for what one is, rather than to despise oneself as being a spoilt and intemperate brat? --and does it not project a brighter future to build up one's personal reserves and self-esteem in the service of others?--and what price contentment in exchange for the inevitable paranoia that accompanies a departure from those values?

No, sir. To cut down the values we label as middle class is to attempt to undermine the very sense and essence of everything that is truly worth living for and to eliminate whatever chance there may be for happiness in the future.

The Jaycees, I am sure, are in no way ashamed of their middle class values. With them, they are trying to build a bridge of understanding between the inmate and society that, in the long run, may well serve to improve the lot of the inmate and those who now try to mock them. They work to serve other people with the cooperation of middle-class citizens on the outside and plan to become middle-class citizens themselves--and that, friends, is the way to a positive future--not one that is enshrouded in suspicion and guilt.

Love may be a four-letter word, and some may consider that the phrase "Love Thy Neighbour" is sissy and outre, but you cannot be loved, admired, and respected without showing by your example that you too have the maturity, propensity and unselfishness to give love yourself. Those who have not tried service as a way of life and belief cannot know the genuine and lasting rewards that it brings.

And Can You Sleep Nights?

Respectfully submitted for the Jaycees,
Ragtag Toro

LOCAL STOPS ON THE SUCCESS TRAIN

Unions??!!

The idea of unions is not a new one. For the past 100 years workers have been bonding together to protect themselves from their bosses. All the carpenters, if they felt they were being taken advantage of, could stop all the carpentry work in the nation if that is what it took to stop the problem. Other unions like the electricians and plumbers would also not cross their picket line, so the employer could not hire someone else or ignore them. Unions are now so powerful they can drive a man out of business, if they want to.

In the last year we have heard lots of talk about some people on the west coast trying to get prisoners to form a union. This idea has some good points and some bad ones.

The big unknown is how the C.P.S. would react if all the prisoners refused to work or to participate in any activities. Would they yield to the demands, or would they just lock everyone up until the unions gave up?

There's really no way to figure the reaction ahead of time, so I won't spend any more time on that aspect of it. Let us now turn to what the disadvantages or advantages of such a system would be, if the C.P.S. did give in to the demands of the Prisoners' Union.

Firstly, the need for violent riots would cease, because we could easily get the attention we want. If there were no violence or security threat, the guards could not justify more repressive measures, so the situation would not get too much worse.

Secondly, we wouldn't lose valuable credibility with the citizens by costing them millions of extra tax-dollars.

Thirdly, inmates could use the union to see that their grievances are heard. The present system of grievances is too much in the hands of the administration and they are not very likely to find fault with themselves. There would also

be some protection for individuals who wish to take the system to court.

Fourthly, we would be able to keep in touch with prisons across the country and some consistency would be possible.

Fifthly, any agreements reached in disputes would be in writing, and could not be misinterpreted or forgotten later on.

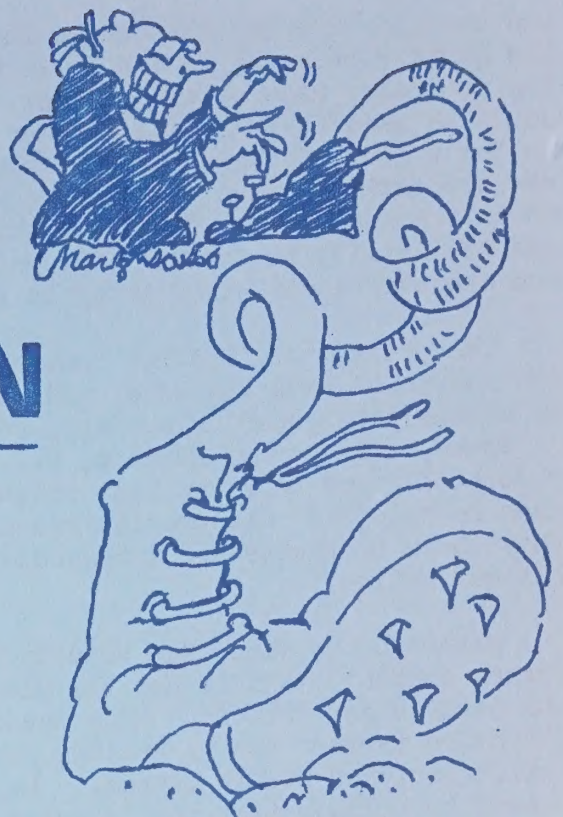
One of the dangers of forming a union is that when the elected representatives become detached from the rest, the voice of the prisoners will be lost with all the other extremes, and could get to be as wierd as those we wish to protect ourselves against.

Another thing that sometimes takes place is the executives are in the position to use their power to meet ends of their own.

Of course we can't pretend that the unions would solve all the problems, or answer everyones' questions, but I think it is the best solution yet, and many of the problems we encounter in the most archaic and heavy handed criminal justice system in the world could easily become history if a union was organized.

Weather Mod

In a recent issue of the Weekend Magazine, an article entitled "The Rains of Power" caught the attention of our paranoid news team, and they hustled into action. The story revealed the American Government's involvement in weather control, firstly as an effective weapon in the Viet Nam War. They found they could easily bog down enemy movement by creating monsoon conditions. It also



was used to wipe out the crops that fed the North Vietnamize forces. As one of the secondary uses of the process, rain could be used to stimulate parched earth in the world's drought regions, but this was discontinued when they became afraid that someone might find out that they had the ability to control the weather, and discover their hanky panky in Asia.

The process of weather control that the Americans used was developed by one of Canada's brighter scientists, Bernard A. Power, formerly of Moncton, N.B. He undoubtedly had only the best intentions when he made his discoveries known, but they have been abused, irregardless of his motivation.

Although the Viet Nam situation deserves comment, this is not the place or the time to get into it. What needs the attention is the use of weather modification here and now in Canada. We have reason to believe that the Canadian Penitentiary service has been using their monies and expertise to manipulate the inmate programs in the prisons across the country. We can only present the evidence from the local area, but hopefully when other prisons read this, they will supplement our evidence, and help us to build a case against the powers that be.

Over the past few years in Springhill, we have experienced particularly foul weather, especially on those days when some activity has been scheduled. The eve of a Family Visiting Day is invariably announced by thunder storms and freezing rains, each in their respective seasons. Field day is annually dismal, fog enshrouded, and about as pleasant as a trip through a sulphur factory.

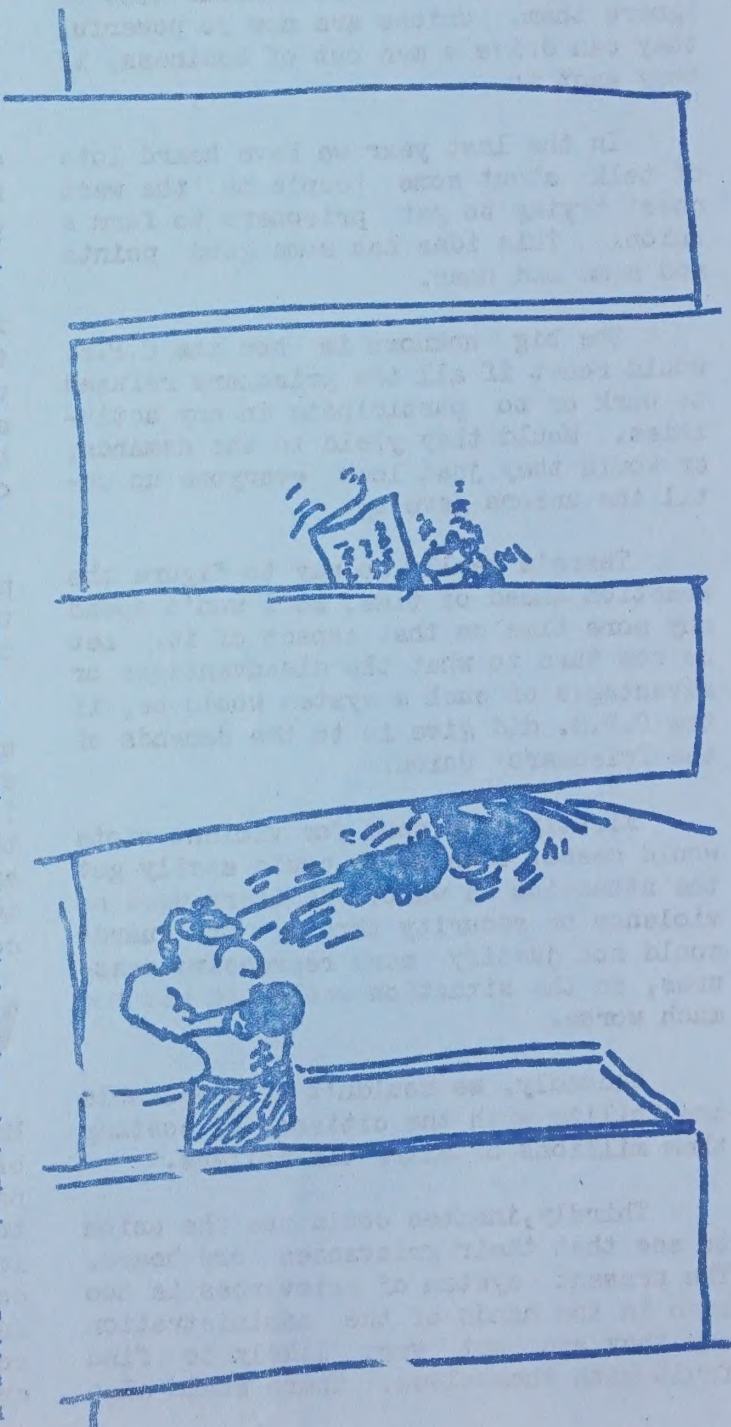
Most recently, the Citizens' Advisory Committee has been unable to meet as there have been snowstorms as often as meetings have been scheduled. Could this be related to the Committee's recent criticism of the P.S.A.C. at the hearing of the Parliamentary Committee on prisons.

Another demonstration of this skulduggery is in the instance of our skating rink. Any attempt to clear an area or flood a surface is negated by an almost instantaneous flurry of bad weather which somehow does not seem to affect the rink in Springhill, where inmates go if they qualify for the T.L.A. program of this institution. It seems ridiculous the lengths the administration will go to to get people to apply for a T.L.A.

All inquiries on this matter were met with silence and people attempting to look puzzled, but we know what you're up to. You can't get away with it, you know.

Alien's Invade

The sanctity of Springhill Institution was violated during the night of January 25, when a small, glowing flying saucer descended from the heavens and landed in the ball field, melting the ice which never froze the same again. The mutants slithered onto the ground and proceeded to make ventures into the night. Their trail is still identifiable by an orange slime residue everywhere they went. The trail leads to #9 unit, up the side and onto the roof, where it seems they entered the end cell. We have been unable to determine what then happened. It has been noticed that a certain inmate who portrays himself as the Parahamster Donut has been acting rather rambunctious since then, but we have no idea whether or not there is any relation to this incident. The mutants departed moments later, never to be seen again, but if you look very closely at the side of #9 unit you will see: "Czar Freeman was here."



Prison Arts 77

As springtime approaches once again, it is also time for the Prison Arts Foundation's annual competition, titled this year: PRISON ARTS 77. There is a wide range of categories open to competition, including such items



as paintings, poetry, carvings, needlework, and music, original compositions only, of course. The winning items will be included in a tour across Canada, giving the public an idea of the creative talent in prison today. The items in the show may be offered for sale at prices set by the artist. Entry forms are available from Mr.

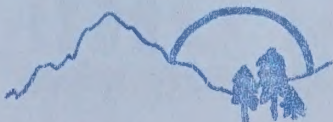
Arden Thurber, and the deadline for all entries is May 31, 1977. For more complete details, look for the red poster in your unit, all the information should be nearby.

Dining Hall Madness

A not so funny thing happened the other day in the dining hall. As I came into the dining hall, I noticed a long line and decided to wait in my chair, as it would be twenty minutes at least before I could get my dinner. When the line had shrunk to a few people, I took my place at the end. This is a normal occurrence at mealtime, so I thought nothing about it, and received my dinner. I was just finishing my meal when one of the Unit Officers came up to the table and told me not to do that again, and in the future to keep my place in line. I could have pointed out to him that even though I had remained seated, I had kept my place as I was the last. Instead, I asked why.

I should have known better, but it was such a simple thing to say. He became kind of upset and bellowed at me in a very surprised tone, "Because I said so!" And that was that.

As one does not see compliments to the staff in this paper very often, I'd like to thank him now for straightening me out. He has helped immeasurably my understanding of the law, and I'm sure I will have a more healthy attitude toward such business in the future. I don't have to ask why we're not allowed to sit on the stairs even though there is practically no place else. I now understand why we are not allowed to bring extra food out of the kitchen, despite the fact they throw away about a ton a week.



Bare Butt Facts

Recent laboratory tests prove that cigarette smoking causes cancer in mice, but mice know better than to smoke. The rest of us mortals, so called beings of higher intelligence, don't know better. The current growth rate of smokers is 3% a year, so by the year 2003, 103% of the population will be puffing.

The great Tobacco Lords have a mob of nicotine junkies in their clutches, people living in a cloud. Recent overdoses of less than a gram of nicotine cranked in the mainline have turned the nicotine junkies tits up and sent them to that big nicotine farm in the sky known as Tobacco Road. This raises the question, 'Is heroin any worse than tobacco? Marijuana ain't that bad.'

Trying to quit smoking while in prison is much more difficult. This is due to the fact that there are few alternatives to occupy yourself during the long hours of self-denial. The Anti-Tobacco'ers, while having one of their secret meetings way back in a dark somewhere in this institution, have come up with these few alternatives as a help for those of you trying to quit.

The first and most popular alternative is eating. Now if you eat constantly while you are awake, you will have no time to smoke. You may gain 30 pounds a week, but you will not smoke.

The second is the easiest of the alternatives: sleeping, it is very difficult to smoke while you are asleep. There may be some people who can't sleep all the time, but there are a few of us who need only wake up occasionally for a bite to eat.

The third alternative is to go to the hole, which is rather easy to do. All you have to do is get caught lugging food from the kitchen, that which you are going to constantly eat. Another simple way to get to the hole is to just refuse to work while you are sleeping all the time.

The fourth is a special alternative we don't have the opportunity to do as openly and often as we would like. When your lungs feel like hauling in a long hard draw from a cigarette, try a switch to a fat little joint of the noble weed. This is the one that became known in the 1930's as the Killer Weed, thanks to a propaganda campaign carried on at that time by the powers that be. Nowadays, smoking pot is as common as taking the dog for a leak.

Alternative five is also successful when you are sexually frustrated. It is

near impossible to enjoy a cigarette while standing in the shower.

Even as the price of tobacco goes up, the sales continue to increase, both inside the joint and out on the street. Right now a person who quits smoking can save more than a shift from grade one to grade three will put in his pocket.

It is common knowledge that cigarettes cause lung cancer, emphysema, cancer of the bladder, pancreas, lip and throat. They also cause chronic bronchitis and other respiratory diseases. These diseases all have one thing in common and that is that they all lead to death. Everyone knows this, yet they still continue to smoke. Have the monkeys on these peoples' back got them so wired to the nicotine that they can't quit, or are all the smokers purposely looking for that big tobacco field in the sky?

Smoking is no longer cool, sophisticated, debonair or classy. Join the majority, be a non smoker.

Now if by chance your are sleeping in the shower with a banana in your mouth, a joint in one hand and a cigarette in the other, don't throw your butts on the shower floor, it gets them soggy and makes them hard to light.

Citizens' Advisory Committee

Though the snow was swirling and the wind howling, the faithful Citizen's Advisory Committee managed to hold their meeting on St. Valentine's night. Attendance was spotty, although the usual die-hards did show. We had a full sheet to work on as there had been no meetings since before the Parlaimentary Committee met with the committee in November.

First item on the agenda was an invitation to speak at the Jaycee's Monday night get-together in the auditorium. The committee decided to show up en mass for the evening talk on the role of the CAC and possible involvement with the Jaycee Unit.

The second item was P.S.A.C. involvement at our meetings. Despite their national level decision to boycott the

CACs, we shall issue an invitation to the local unit. At least we will get an idea what they would like to see the CAC become.

A letter from the Joyceville CAC to the Commissioner was read. They endorse the use of diversion or restitution in lieu of incarceration. The committee is planning to invite some people to our next meeting to try and form some sort of an educated opinion before responding to the call for support. If anyone out there has some information that they do want the committee to read before making any decisions on this issue, would they send it to Arden Thurber, c/o this institution.

The Atlantic Provinces Criminology and Corrections Association will be holding a seminar in Amherst in late March, and some of the Committee will probably attend. The subject will be diversion and it is open to the public.

The traditional cops and cons game of hockey is still up in the air, but Arden is going to check it out.

Contact, a group involved with some of the residents of Pugwash's Sunset Home, has been approved by the policy board, and should be getting started in the not too distant future.

Francis Fox, the Solicitor General, will be in Springhill in the next month or so, and may want to meet with the Committee on very short notice.

The St. F X drama group will be entertaining the population on March 27, with a performance of Billy Budd.

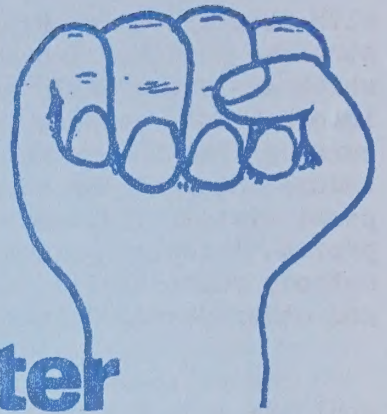
The sound proof music room is now being worked on in the auditorium.

L.S.O.T.S.T.

And so goes another installment of Springhill zaniness. I'd tell you who wrote what, but they wouldn't want you to know, so I won't. If you have a news worthy item that deserves attention, write a little something and give it to us. All contributors will be rewarded with a free one year subscription mailed anywhere in the world. The editors keep the right to make the final decision to print.

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THE STRIKE



by William MacAllister

This article, reprinted from OVO Photo magazine, is another in a series of reprints in the Communicator. We have selected it because of the emphasis made on certain points, specifically, a nonviolent outlet for prison outrage, but more so to continue the discussion arising from the strife in the Canadian prisons today. It is our desire to encourage this discussion so that hopefully some progress will come from these occurrences before the lid blows off again. Naturally, we encourage a response from our readership, so if you are inspired or outraged by this article, then write us a letter. TC

Most strikes are to gain greater monetary sums, better pension plans, earlier retirement, less working hours, but, ours - a prison strike - was in sharp contrast; for we struck to obtain respect in the eyes of our keepers and society, in the hope that this would be the origin for genuine change in a decrepit, morally bankrupt federal penal system.

It all commenced in April 1975; and like most good Beaujolais wines it matured early in body, strength and spirit with the formation of a duly elected Inmate Committee, truly representatives of all the prisoners.

In October 1975, we informed the Archambault Administration of our intention to strike, after obtaining a 93% support vote from a general population of three hundred and sixty. The Administration scoffed and ridiculed this majority percentage; however they agreed to renewed talks on previously rejected Inmate Committee projects and temporarily averted a strike.

The next three months proved to be an exercise in total futility, as we once again encountered the same repitious refusals attributed to a limited bureaucratic vocabulary:

LACK OF PERSONNEL: Yet the Canadian Penitentiary Service employs 9600 people

to supervise 8700 federal inmates, which per capita is greater than any other democratic country in the free world, to maintain our disgraceful eighty - five percent rate of recidivism, compared to Sweden's 12%. Why?

SECURITY REASONS: There hasn't been an escape from this seven year old institution since 1972, and since that date the most modern security devices in the world have been implemented, making it a super maximum penitentiary. It's strange when one considers an annual security budget of four (4) million dollars is allotted for Archambault, while half of its inmates will be released within four years in accordance with the legal expiration of their sentences.

LACK OF FUNDS: They acquired the necessary funds to hire additional personnel and implement the numerous overly exaggerated security innovations. Since 1960, the penitentiary system has expanded from eleven (11) to the present forty-nine (49), with five more on the drafting board. Excellent progress, depending on which side of the bread your butter is on, and who is paying for it! **TRY THIS ON FOR SIZE:** Warden's annual salary: \$31,500; Assistant Director's: \$21,500; so called Social Workers': \$15,000 to \$18,000; Correctional Officers' (CX6): approx. \$16,000; CX4: \$14,000 to \$14,500. Yet, an educated professor teaching in Quebec, with a masters in religious science, a masters in Slavic studies, and a Ph.D. in philosophy, who speaks seven languages and has 21.5 years of scholarship, signed his last working contract for \$13,100 annually, plus a meager 5% cost of living increase.

SUGGESTION UNDER STUDY: Only one problem: it's usually an eternal study! Then there is the 'Old Standby', the Commissioner's Directives, commonly referred to as The Penal Bible. The only sense Albert Einstein would derive from it would be nonsense, at best!

I have mentioned these brief facts to give you a general picture as to why we declared a complete work stoppage on January 15, 1976. Everything and everybody has a limit and we reached ours

with this system's hypocritical administrative policies and security measures, which are steadfastly molding prisoners into hateful computerized "ROBOTS"; assuring that the great majority of them become integral parts of this degenerate penal system, instead of implementing proven 'simple' genuine rehabilitative methods successfully employed in Sweden and other Scandinavian countries.

The following is a quote from Liberal Senator Earl Hastings in relation to the British Columbia federal segregation policy, legally declared cruel and inhumane punishment in January 1976; "He was certain the Court would have reached similar conclusions with respect to such treatment in all our maximum security institutions and the decision is a stinging indictment of a society that has permitted such procedures and conditions to exist in a penal system that is punitive at worst and vengeful at best."

In November 1975, The Supreme Court of Canada rendered a decision concerning the functions and power of the Federal Bureau of Parole. Unfortunately, Chief Justice Bora Laskin's minority judgement against the Board was not shared by the majority of his colleagues. However, it is extremely interesting to note the essence of his legal opinion; "The Federal Parole Board functions in a tyrannical manner, answering to no one for their decisions, not even the government or the persons concerned, (and went on to state that) this exceeded the principles of a true democracy."

Despite these learned professional opinions, the original archaic philosophy of 1835 remains intact, when the word penitentiary was derived from the word and meaning of penitence.

So, in mid-January, we confronted the system with open hearts and minds — not demands, but simple command for respect. Not with violence, but unequivocal nonviolence. Not with revolutionary tactics, but with an evolutionary philosophy aimed at aborting the finished stereotyped, machined products that are continually being produced. Our actions were deemed mutinous and met with hostile contempt, for no one bucks the monstrous Machine. As a result the general population (excluding 15 scabs) were immediately confined to their cells 23½ hours per day, all remuneration forfeited, all social and recreational activities cancelled, visiting reduced to ½ hour per week, coldcut sandwiches (mostly bologna) distributed twice daily with a lukewarm cup of coffee, hurried individual showers if time permitted (in spite of the fact that there were two shower stalls per range), ½ hour walks in small

enclosed courtyards (weather permitting), commencing at 8:00am to make the day longer, but little did they know that their petty antics made us stronger.

After a twelve day softening up period, the first meeting between the Administration and the Inmate Committee occurred, whereupon we rejected the Solicitor General's and the Administration's dictatorship command to accept a selected "observer" of their choice to attend negotiations. We requested that a "neutral mediator" be chosen from a list of names acceptable to both parties. This was refused and the battle lines were drawn, as our principles were not for sale.

This capitalistic penal system thrives on making inmates feel they must prostitute their principles to obtain institutional privileges, transfers to medium security institutions, temporary absence (granted in a medium institution only) and, possibly a parole.

Inmate Committees were designed to "Play Ball" with the system: request trivial things to occupy their minds, but not to submit intelligent ideas and needs pertaining to sincere rehabilitation, like conjugal or contact visiting, or guidelines on how to make parole and legal rights relating to the refusing or granting of parole, access to one's personal prison file (with the exception of psychiatric reports and informants names), request work release programs, etc. If an Inmate Committee pursues these or other sensible goals, its members soon become bonafide members on the administrative "Black List"!

The following three weeks proved fatal to the administration, as their psychological and deprivation attacks failed. They attempted to persuade the Inmate Population that their Committee was responsible for the severe hardships and restrictions being imposed. This backfired, and truly united any doubters with the positive believers in forming a solidified bond against our oppressors.

Communications amongst the general Inmate Population was a major drawback for the Committee, as we had no permission to circulate, have reunions or "officially" distribute any communiques. Essential bulletins were typed into fifteen or thirty copies and transmitted via various prison channels, including coinciding our visits to exchange important messages.

On the other side of the coin, the Administration had complete verbal and physical communication with all inmates and the news media, to freely expound their one-sided versions in open letters

and news releases, in an effort to destroy the Committee's integrity, but we countered with the formation of the O.S. L.P. Our families, friends and concerned citizens formed the "Organisation de Soutien pour la Lutte des Prisonniers - Organisation to Fight for Prisoner's Rights." They joined our plight and became our official voice and strength on the outside. They proudly marched in the streets with pickets in hand, solicited financial supports contacted lawyers, called press conferences, appeared on radio and television shows, circulated newsletters to politicians, etc. But the most significant factor was their loving-caring sincerity that instilled "food" for our undernourished egos in a spirit of togetherness that none of us had previously experienced.

After thirty-two (32) days, the Inmate Committee and the Administration met for only the second time and we again rejected their dictates, reaffirming our original position, with one exception: we were more than willing to accept Mr. Robert Sachitelle as an official mediator, providing one of the seven names we submitted would be selected to accompany him. The Administration said "NO", but a few days later they had a change of heart and chose Mr. Laurent Laplante. So now we had two official mediators.

To obtain the first meeting at the negotiating table, forty-two days of tremendous personal sacrifices were required — making it a first in Canadian penology, but a small price for respect.

The entire thirteen member Inmate Committee were present for all five weeks of negotiations with the Archambault and Quebec Regional Administrators, with the two neutral mediators. It would be boring to enter into a lengthy explanation of what transpired at the negotiating table, so I'll simply highlight the trend of discussion and essential factors.

We submitted a list of twenty-three grievances and supported them with factual documentation, plus virile and occasional heated argumentation in representing the plight of all Canadian prisoners and not merely our own self-interests.

After four weeks the two mediators withdrew from the negotiating table, following repeated prior warnings to the Administration that unless their ambiguous hard line interpretation of the Commissioner's Directives ceased, they could no longer serve a useful purpose.

There was a two week lull at Archambault and in the interim the two medi-

ators met privately with the Commissioner of Penitentiaries, Mr. Andre Therrien, to obtain his opinions and clarification of certain passages in the Penal Bible.

The Commissioner talked a good game, but upon recommencing the negotiations it was obvious nothing had changed; for the system's authoritative latitude became even more dogmatic, in maintaining their stubborn, negative attitudes.

As a result an impasse on the subject of contact-visiting prevailed, once again terminating the mediators' services and bringing a halt to a week of renewed talks. It mattered little that maximum security institutions in Dorchester, New Brunswick; Prince Albert, Saskatchewan and presently the British Columbia penitentiary all enjoy this privilege, but apparently Quebec's incarcerated are different! Are we?

The visiting conditions at Archambault are cruel, inhumane and illegal, in accordance with the Invasion of Privacy Act, proclaimed in force June 30th, 1974. Inmates and their visitors are separated by thick glass partitions and converse through a grilled wire mesh, in which electronic monitoring devices are installed to intercept and record on tape all conversations, if the Administration or Visiting Room personnel so desire!

This, in a country that prides itself on democracy and the right to freedom of speech.

The Inmate Committee unanimously voted to continue the three month strike in an effort to obtain contact-visiting. We fully realized the pronounced psychological effects on the general population, created by long hours of confined boredom and not receiving any tobacco or canteen, but Ours was a protest for R E S P E C T !!!

After an additional month in limbo the famous Archambault hostage incident took place on May 4th, 1976; ending with the two guards' safe release around midnight on the same day. Once again Mr. Laurent Laplante and Mr. Robert Sachitelle interceded as mediators, as requested by the two hostage taking inmates and approved by the Administration. The scenario was quite different from the negotiating table, nevertheless, their calm, cool, intellectual composure enabled them to ascertain a peaceful ending for the betterment of all concerned.

This episode should never have occurred and is directly attributable to the hostile pent-up frustrations that this evil, faceless system breeds within

its incarcerated, especially young twenty-three year old men, whose main grievance and reason for their actions was to acquire contact-visiting at Archambault.

When will this admitted failure of a penal system recognize the true reflections of their own deeds?

As a result of the hostage incident the entire Institution was placed on twenty-four hour deadlock, visiting cancelled and no half-hour walk or showers on May 5th and 6th, without any logical reasons, statement or explanations ever issued to the inmate population.

During the early afternoon of May 6th, the inmates' patience and tolerance were understandably deteriorating as tempers flared and were rapidly approaching the combustible point. During mid-afternoon the Administration called an emergency meeting with the entire Inmate Committee. As smoke billowed from "J" pavillion, accompanied with thunderous banging echoes, the Inmate Committee decided to terminate the four month old strike in order to prevent a full scale riot from occurring, if time permitted. We deemed that discretion is sometimes the better part of valor and it was imperative that we maintain our respectable philosophy of non-violence to achieve our goals.

To the bitter end the Administration remained adamant and only adhered to the protocol of returning to work when the Committee tendered their resignation.

Today, Archambault is a more relaxed place to serve time, despite failing to obtain the essential grievances of conjugal-visiting, contact-visiting, access to our institutional files, rights in relation to the granting and refusing of parole and work release programs to be instituted in maximums, but more important and above all else, we gained R E S P E C T .

On behalf of the incarcerated population, Inmate Committee and myself, I wish to take this opportunity to express our deepest, most profound respect in memory of two friends, both original Committee members from April 1975, who mysteriously died in segregation.

On June 29th, 1976, the Archambault Inmate Committee officially proclaimed our strike from January 15th, 1976 to May 6th, 1976 in honoured homage to Marcel Laurence, age 27, deceased October 19th, 1975, at Archambault and Robert 'Bob' Landers, age 29, deceased May 21st, 1976, at Millhaven, Ontario.

How much longer will politician's and society's conscience remain dormant? And has the system learned anything from all this? If it has, it certainly isn't reflecting it. For inspite of all the earnest efforts put in by Mr. Laurent Laplante and Mr. Robert Sachitelle during the strike negotiations and the hostage-taking incident (and it must be remembered that Mr. Laplante abruptly terminated his business engagement in Edmonton, Alberta, and immediately flew to Montreal, where he joined Mr. Sachitelle, who took time out from his vacation to render his humanitarian services in the hostage event) they were both refused permission to enter Archambault during our traditional two weeks' summer vacation.

The inmates of Archambault had intended to present these gentleman with some small mementoes before the entire inmate population, as a sincere token of our indebted gratitude, but the Administration flatly refused....

SO WHAT HAVE THEY LEARNED???

(William MacAllister is president of the Inmate Committee at Archambault Institution.)



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THE CONCEPT

by Greg Scott

Many visitors to Springhill remark on its modern appearance and the seeming lack of tension, most noticeable after a visit to Dorchester. There is little doubt that the place is an improvement after the fortress style keep, but is Springhill as modern in its principles as it appears? An article in the Fortune News lately inspired some thought on the matter, and this article is the result of that thinking. The process is not in any way complete, but we have a paper to put out, and we'll no doubt carry on the discussion in forthcoming issues.

Anyhow, if one were to listen to William Nagel, Executive Vice President of the American Foundation and Director of its Institute of Corrections, it would seem that the design or programs of an institution have little real ability to change the factuality of imprisonment or repression. In a tour of modern institutions he made the following observations:

"We did see some imaginative and innovative architecture which tried quite valiantly to make less obvious the fact of confinement. Ornamental grilles and hollow blocks sometimes replaced bars. Internal walls were well glazed. Winding paths replaced the long bleak corridors. Landscaped lawns and gardens caused some of the uninitiated to complain about those "country clubs for convicts". The grim stone wall is no longer built. The staff at these new facilities, many college trained, hustled at their innumerable important tasks - supervising, teaching, counselling, training, treating, disciplining. These were all enlightened changes," he continues "yet in our conversations with inmates and staff alike, and in our observations, we heard and saw the old preoccupation, control. We also observed deep mutual suspicion, great cynicism, and pervasive hypocrisy as the kept and the keepers played old games while using the sophisticated new language of today's behavioural sciences. The institutions were new and shiney, yet in all their finery they still seemed to harden everyone in them."

He could easily have included Springhill. Apart from the obvious physical differences, there is potentially little difference between here and Dorchester, but I must say potentially, because there is a program called the Living Unit Concept. The concept, or program, as it is generally referred to has never been refined for the inmates here. People generally assume that what is meant is the Jaycees, the AAs, or some other group like that. The concept is much more involved than that, as in this article will hopefully come to light.

We have been subject to the L.U.C. for the past four and one half years, and I'd like to talk first about some of the things that have happened here in the years since it started. I think the purpose of the concept is to break down the inmate code so that the rehabilitative specialists can do their thing. Let me define the "Code" first of all, so that we know what that is. If I attempted to get all of the variations down, I'd never satisfy anyone, so we'll just look at basics.

Basically, I think the inmate code was an attitude toward imprisonment which provided the prisoner some measure of dignity, or self respect. This attitude has had many mutations since its beginning, and it was some of these applications that got in the way of the rehabilitative movement encouraged by Jean Pierre Goyer, then Solicitor General. The code also helped to keep the inmates together during demonstrations, but it would be naive to think the security people felt really threatened by anything the inmates could do. The old school simply felt it was undignified to have some social worker walk around all over your brain.

The social scientists attacked this suspicion with all the enthusiasm of recent college graduates with almost unlimited funding and the hope of a successful masters' thesis. The divide and conquer theory was the strategy settled on, and we are seeing it at its best here and now in Springhill.

The concept was implemented in 1972, and has gone through many stages, or the "phases" as they are referred to by the experts. As this institution is physically divided into four cell blocks, or units, it was naturally an excellent base for further development. The aim of the concept was/is to further the natural separation not by any physical division, but by the subtle transference of the inmates' old identification with the "Cause" or other prisoners, to his own individual cellblock. Inter-unit visiting is now almost impossible, and one can be charged for trespassing into another cellblock. Although Inter-unit competition is encouraged, there is no provision for socializing with anyone except for the people in your own area. Sport between the units is the recreation order of the day, only these teams are recognized, and the points are accumulated by the winners which go toward large trophies and other prestige items.

At Christmas there is a decorating competition, supervised by each Unit's Range Representatives. These are elected to represent the six ranges in each of the units, further breaking down of the larger picture, to a very easy to handle group

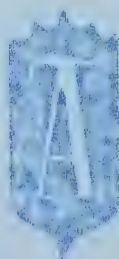
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So while the prisons may be campus-like structures from the outside, it still is the same old story from the inside. Control, manipulation, and security remain still the number one priorities, although they have thoughtfully allowed that inmate rehabilitation is possible. We're still living in cages, and that pastel steel door locks even more firmly than the old bars. As it has been pointedly put before, they still got the keys, boy, and they still kickin' ass.

I'd like to advance the theory that when scientists take over some facility, they always renovate it to suit their needs. I'm getting kind of tired of seeming so negative all the time, but I guess the only good news is that some people do get out and stay out. Anyhow, it's time for my nature walk, so we'll see you next time.

CON-EMPLOYED

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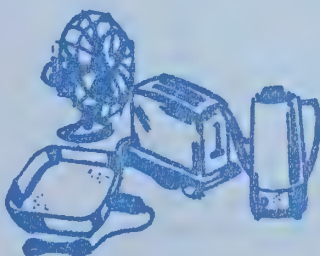
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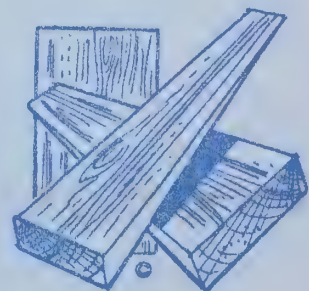
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SPRINGHILL

"WE'RE NOT SATISFIED UNLESS YOU ARE"



When we picked up the mail one day
recently, we found two letters to the
Communicator which seemed to be from in-
side the joint. Strange we said, why
send a letter, not just come forward.
Well, inside we found these two poems,
each a product of solitary confinement
here, and that's why the letters.

The Cell

Four walls, side by each,
Painted each the colour peach.
Ceiling low and light dim.
Now I ask, "Is this for him?"

Bars on the window, bars on the door,
Meals small, but ask not for more.
Cockroches and silverfish crawl on the floor,
Paper dishes that could hold more.

Shakie Verner

Combine these things, which seem not well,
And here you shall find a so-called CELL.

Encouragement

Johnny Beshara & 6315

To do hard time is like to die,
But for me I do not cry.
It is for you that I am blue,
Please remain strong and true.

It does not pay to be a fool,
For this isn't a kindergarten school,
I have learned the hardest way,
This isn't a very nice place to stay.

So if you choose to be like me,
be prepared to never be free.

Moments

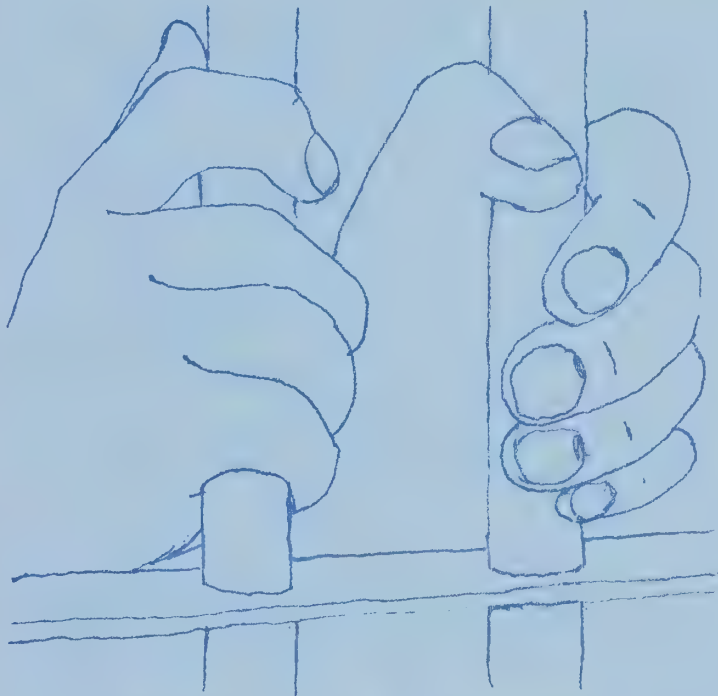
We've watched the dawn
caress our bodies

Tenderly touching
the beauty within you

I am with myself
knowing each moment
has filled throughout me

As our eyes meet
and lips wander

We cast ourselves
for tomorrow



I won't be away forever

Listening as the moans become desires
overheated lust compelling the anxiety
emotions high, lacking reality
communications read through the pores
need absorbed from the touches
wishfully wanting the relief
yet hanging on to the end
passions shared, mellowing as we climb
wave after wave searching for the shoreline
sweet cries forthcoming the climax
saddened, because i had to make love to
you on paper
knowing the real thing is wordless

Inside-Outside

I've crossed the dessert unheard
but for the vultures
wanting to quench their thirst
upon my blood life
Their instincts have betrayed them
the flow of life gone
sucked dry before any growth rendered
the person
Society blind
shadows the mind
without light-what
Of course being in the dark so long
you would'nt know

Green Beauty

A humble structure
of comfort smiles

A life long song
of endless miles

Above all toils
a family dwells

The season's winds
of spring it smells

Beneath the soil
our garden grows

What it yields
one never knows

A blue crowned sky
calm and lazy

A green eyed wife
a blue eyed baby

Rick Brennan

Silence is broken
 I hear a whisper something calling my name
 Still no one has spoken
 I feel vibrations shared feelings the same
 Genesis
 Emotions entangle two
 Zodiac signs
 Black earth - Water blue

She's A Rider

Richard Dunn

Something's not right here
 Smoke curls high - ceiling meet
 Nooses shadow hangs clear
 Music low, faint and sweet
 Something's satanic - hellfire heat
 Sounds of light humming
 Room filled laughter - blanket of deceit

Sharing our new found dreams
 Melting into one
 Starting at the seams
 It slowly came undone
 Ride the winds - Love
 I'll walk the trails
 Fly on high - Above
 Don't roll with the gails

She's a rider of the wind
 You never know where she has been
 Can you see me
 As you fly
 Did you free me
 Or just denie

Sometimes black, grey or white
 And though I try
 I never know which is right
 I saw you girl - a woman bound
 Still in the end
 I know not what I've found
 And yes you've changed me
 Still who changed you
 I am confined - still free

Many years now have passed us by
 Though they were shared
 Some memory live, others try to die
 From stages we played our lonely game
 Changing our faces
 Still the real remains the same
 Yes I loved you, it was alright
 Till midnight hour

Fire filled night
 And though the player wasn't me
 Exodus
 You just could not see

She's a rider of the wind
 I swear you don't know where she's been
 Can you hear me
 As you fly
 Did you understand me
 Or just rely

And though the feelings ceased
 Do you think we were made for each other
 Or could it be said atleast
 You are my sister I your brother
 In future as you ride the winds
 As time floats slow
 In the face of the many sins
 Will we both not know
 Sometimes we all must fail
 Still loving you
 Time seems to repeat the tale.



Prayer for a Convict's Brother

Swept from the shuddering lane
by a tale at the mainmast stay,
you read that a hungry brother
dedicated to his knees
was to take the ocean
with his young wings
and return to Providence.
The message laced in Navy blue
came from a captain's sleeve:
"Your brother is sick
Come at once."

Urgent as a pregnant sheath
to receive the bloody child,
you fled at a mother's speed
to a boy who was daily born.
Like a gentleman
you climbed aboard the ship
amidst the proper exchange.
Could the deck
show you below
to the scene of your brother's bed.

High in the dock
a Pennsylvania boy
gun at his side
opened his mouth
like a mine
showed tongue
in a snail's curl
and breathed between his teeth:
Queer
then smiled
with knowledge beyond the hold.
You struck
where the word began
and have never spoken since.

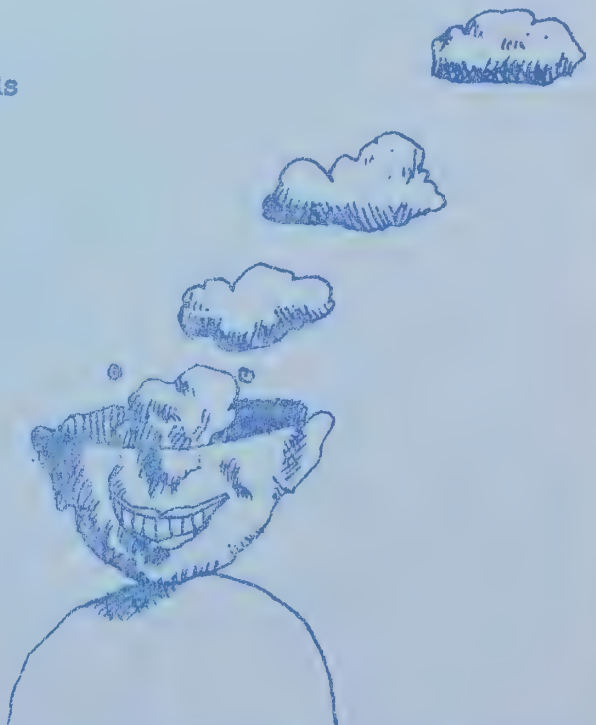
Where does love begin?
You often spoke of Providence
and your brother among the vineyards
in the Grecian way
full of wine
pink young boys
on holiday.

You drive him from the flowers
because the zinnia's scent
infects the brain
to make the muscle limp.
He loved men and women
liquidly
in dark corners
plush beds
then finally
on the run,
for vacant floors
exposed his love
to rodent appetites
seen through a community hole.

So sentenced to the sea
by his reckless life on land
he found the spaces that he knew.
Crossed from daylight
by clockwork hand
he went below
to dream among the cargo.
Perhaps he looked for flowers
on green mold
or the original vineyard scene.
But then came the men
carrying pants around their shoes
for service.
No cobbler
he gave what love he could.

The sea is as sure
as a matron's womb
harvested for cash.
Your brother
sentenced to the sea's pink rim
plunged to the level keel
on his knees
paying for his passage
with his mouth.
He was going home
by the only way he knew.
Few will cheer
fewer still salute,
for blue love
is the eyebrow
for the mute.

James C. McCullagh



POYLS OF WISDOM

by Parahamster Dönüt and
The Sorcerer's Apprentice, Dindon



Ahhh, old friends, the mulch thought of Dindon has wandered back to the folding shroud of this hallowed shrine after many trials in the desperate ballad of Cape Breton. His quest for the elusive Marlboro Talisman and Bridge Tota ended after a terrible battle with the Surgeon General in Finsternis National Park.

After he has recovered from the infected hickies and clanshell scratches received in the struggle for domination of the protector of the Talisman, he will tell many long - winded and overblown epic tales of his prowess in the true style of his inferior breed, that lonesome tribe of McCarthyites who for many generations, have secluded themselves from the rest of the world in a secluded sheep ranch on Grand Manan Island.

Our spiritual dri velfor this looner age concerns the search for identity that seems to plague so many of our junger sprouts. They shade look to the Ancient Ones for an endless fountain of irrelevant tripe, proverbial wisdom and other justified copy. We know what they are going through, and in our day we braved many heavy storms to arrive, somewhat scarred, at this acme of security and surety. Of course, I realize that each must arrive at his own appointed truth with minimal interference from all the turkeys around him, and so long as he eventually arrives at exactly the point of illumination we plotted out for him, there will be no trouble. When each novice finally recognizes that reality is a bunch of idealistic claptrap to soothe the ignorant horde, his cranium will open the wondrous light of the supreme TRUTH!! of the Eternal Sea Cucumber, the only way to go. This miserable existence is but an imaginary wait in the Doctor's of Eternities sitting room. All will be revealed to those whose patience is great, and whose intellect is dim. The Smart-arses of the world will receive their just rewards in heaven, boys and girls. They will receive boys and girls.

To open the spiritual eye, one must spend a very long time holding the breath as it is the centre of the secret to unlocking the several agencies of consciousness that are contained in the cow calf stabilization program. Holding the breath will inevitably produce inner lights and a physical sensation which can only be described as being filled with the truth to the point of burstingness, with the ly. As the initiate spends more and more of his time in this condition his brothers will notice his excellent ruddy complexion and spaced out appearance. Eventually he will be able to sustain the breathless state eternally, and his disciples will notice a heavenly spectral blue tint to his flesh. Beginners are warned not to approach a master while he is at this altitude, as any vibration will cause him to explode, and might smell up the shrine.

As we are in the latter stages of the winter and many have not taken their exercises seriously, I will take this time to propose an excellent series of simple procedures to remedy the situation. First of all one should wash all the heaviest clothes one owns and put them on while still wet. Go into the yard and walk quickly around ten times. Lie in a snowbank for about two hours, and get someone to help you into your cell, where you should attempt to remain motionless. Very soon you will begin to shiver with delight. This is only the beginning. After about an hour of this you will begin to sneeze, and then later in the night you should cough constantly until morning. After a couple of days, your chest and stomach muscles will be in excellent condition. At this point you are ready to progress to the next stage, 'monia. The breath holding technique mentioned earlier in this months lesson should be implemented at this point, also.

The Puzzled Times

If you see any of the Communicator staff wandering around with a puzzled look on their face, it may be due to the search for a puzzle for these pages. After sampling all sorts of puzzles, we were quite perplexed, in fact we could see nothing but letters, even in our dreams. At last, Ragtag Toro delivered us from our bewilderment by providing us with this puzzle he created while doing a little solitary time.

The rules are simply this: In the box of letters you will find all the words listed below in alphabetical order. Hint, they can go in any direction, forwards or backwards, up or down, or on a slant, as long as it's a straight line. A letter can be used in more than one



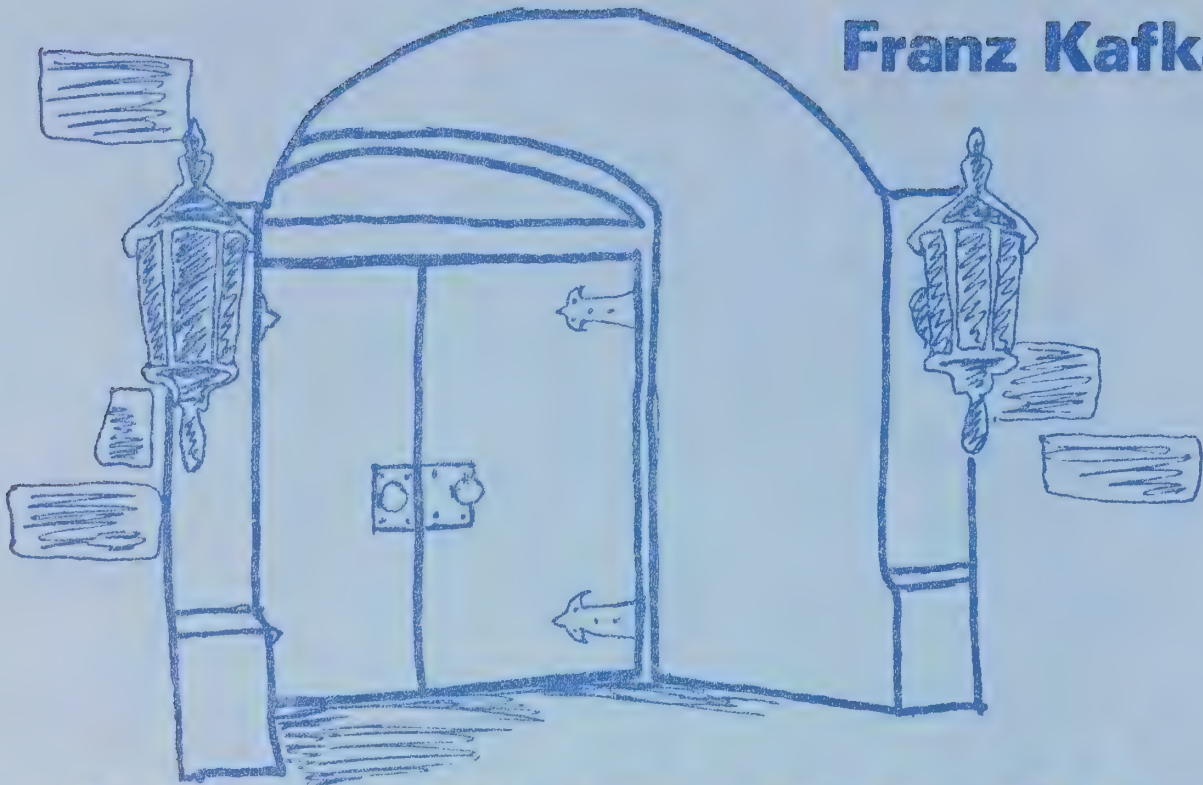
word. When you've found all the words listed, unscramble the five remaining letters for the catchword. Clue: The driven outside becomes the driven inside.

by ragtag toro

N	O	I	T	U	T	I	T	S	N	I	E	V	O	L
P	R	N	E	H	R	E	R	R	R	M	L	L	L	A
E	E	O	M	A	G	E	T	O	A	E	O	I	E	N
N	H	I	P	O	D	U	M	T	R	E	H	N	P	O
I	A	T	O	A	O	U	A	A	S	G	E	E	A	I
T	B	A	R	E	R	R	P	C	N	A	C	H	S	T
E	I	E	A	K	C	S	A	I	C	E	N	E	C	A
N	L	R	R	I	H	P	R	N	R	R	A	T	E	C
T	I	C	Y	P	E	P	O	U	A	O	N	A	T	O
I	T	E	A	S	S	C	L	M	A	C	E	M	I	V
A	A	R	E	S	T	E	E	M	M	S	T	M	N	J
R	T	T	I	M	E	E	W	O	A	L	N	I	M	O
Y	I	D	W	O	R	C	T	C	L	A	I	M	O	I
N	O	I	T	A	C	I	F	I	S	S	A	L	C	N
T	N	E	S	B	A	D	J	U	S	T	M	E	N	T

A - absent, action, adjustment
 B - bar
 C - case, caught, chapel, claim, classification, commit, Communicator, con crowd
 D - dare, die, dice, Dorchester
 E - ear, escape, esteem
 H - hole
 I - inmate, institution
 J - joint
 K - kiss
 L - last, line, lovein, LU
 M - mace, main, maintenance

N - name, nasty
 P - parole, party, penitentiary, porn
 R - ran, rap, rapt, rat, recreation, rehabilitation, rest, roam, room, rumor
 S - score, site, slam, spare, spike, Springhill
 T - tame, temporary, tide, time, trash, trio
 V - vim, vocational
 W - win
 Y - yet



BEFORE THE LAW

Before the Law stands a doorkeeper. To this doorkeeper there comes a man from the country and prays for admittance to the Law. But the doorkeeper says that he cannot grant admittance at the moment. The man thinks it over and asks then if he will be allowed in later. "It is possible," says the doorkeeper, "but not at the moment." Since the gate stands open, as usual, and the doorkeeper steps to one side, the man stoops to peer through the gateway into the interior. Observing that, the doorkeeper laughs and says: "If you are so drawn to it, just try to go in despite my veto. But take note: I am powerful. And I am only the least of the doorkeepers. From hall to hall there is one doorkeeper after another, each more powerful than the last. The third doorkeeper is already so terrible that even I cannot bear to look at him." These are the difficulties that the man from the country has not expected; the Law, he thinks, should surely be accessible at all times and to everyone, but as he now takes a closer look at the doorkeeper in his fur coat, with his big sharp nose and long, thin, black Tartar beard, he decides that it is better to wait until he gets permission to enter. The doorkeeper gives him a stool and lets him sit down at one side of the door. There he sits for days and years. He makes many attempts to be admitted, and wearies the doorkeeper by his importunity. The doorkeeper frequently has little interviews with him, asking him questions about his home and many other things, but the questions are put indifferently, as great lords put them, and always finish with the statement that he cannot be let in yet. The man, who has furnished himself with many things for his journey, sacrifices all he has, however valuable, to bribe the doorkeeper. The doorkeeper accepts everything, but always with the remark: "I am only taking it to keep you from thinking you have omitted anything." During these many years the man fixes his attention almost continuously on the doorkeeper. He forgets the other doorkeepers, and this first one seems to him the sole obstacle preventing access to the Law. He curses his bad luck, in his early years boldly and loudly; later, as he grows old, he only grumbles to himself. He becomes childish, and since his yearlong contemplation of the doorkeeper he has come to know even the fleas in his fur collar, he begs the fleas as well to help him and to change the doorkeeper's mind. At length his eyesight begins to fail, and he does not know whether the world is really darker, or whether his eyes are only deceiving him. Yet in his darkness he is now aware of a radiance that streams extinguishably from the gateway of the Law. Now he has not very long to live. Before he dies, all his experiences in these long years gather themselves in his head to one point, a question he has not yet asked the doorkeeper. He waves him nearer, since he can no longer raise his stiffening body. The doorkeeper has to bend low toward him, for the difference in height between them has altered much to the man's disadvantage. "What do you want to know now?" asks the doorkeeper; "you are insatiable." "Everyone strives to reach the Law", says the man, "so how does it happen that for all these many years, no one but myself has ever begged for admittance?" The doorkeeper recognizes that the man has reached his end, and, to let his failing senses catch the words, roars in his ear: "No one could ever be admitted here, since this gate was made only for you. I am now going to shut it."



AA MEDICINE

by Peter G.



(This is the view of one alcoholic, it is not necessarily the view of AA as a whole or other members.)

In the last issue I gave my views on what I considered an alcoholic to be; "A sick person, mentally, physically, and spiritually." There wasn't anything unique in what I had to say except for the fact that it was me saying it.

Just recently I was involved in a discussion about slips. A slip is something every alcoholic fears, and has every right to. For those of you who are not familiar with the meaning of the word slip as used in the AA program, it is when a person has some length of sobriety, and that sobriety is interrupted by drinking, whether it is a drink or a drunk. As most alcoholics will tell you, a drink leads to a drunk, and it's the realization after the drunk that we fear.

It is important to avoid the temptation of the first drink. This can be

helped by having a knowledge of alcohol and the effects of alcohol on one's self through the AA program. It may be hard to remember a lot of information just at the time we are tempted to slip, but since we are creatures of habit, we could develop the habit of remembering one outstanding thing that is stronger than our desire to drink. One could be turning our will to a higher power, whom a lot of us know as God. Another could be seeing ourselves drunk, and better still seeing the things we do when drunk. There is no end to the one or two lines of things that can be remembered when the temptation for a drink strikes. The important thing is to develop the habit of remembering.

There is a lot more that could be added to avoiding a slip, such as Anti-buse, etc. Perhaps in a later issue, or you could try attending an AA meeting, where we all wish you sobriety in the next 24 hours.

JAMES GOGAN

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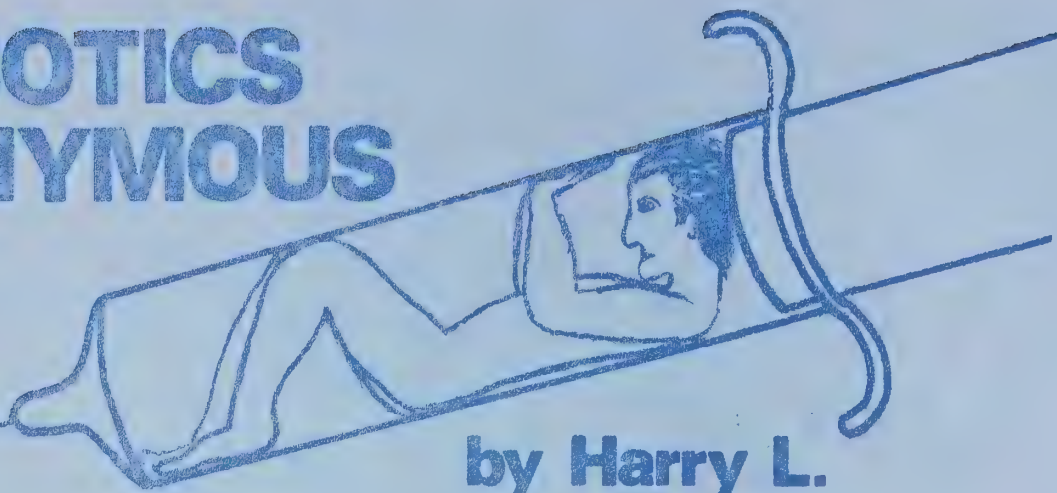
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NARCOTICS ANONYMOUS



by Harry L.

Who is an addict? Most of us do not have to think twice about this question. We know. It is a person whose whole life is centered upon drugs in one form or another, the getting and using and finding ways and means to get more. A person who uses to live and lives to use. Very simply, an addict is a man or woman whose life is controlled by drugs. They are people in the grip of a continuing and progressive illness whose end result is always the same: jails, institution, and death.

There is a Narcotics Anonymous program which is a non-profit fellowship or society of men and women for whom drugs had become a major problem. They are recovered addicts who meet regularly to help each other to stay clean. This is a program of complete abstinence from all drugs. There is only "ONE" requirement for membership; the honest desire to stop using. The program is a set of principles, written so simply, that a person can follow them in their daily lives. The most important thing about them is that they work.

They, NA, are not interested in what or how much you used or who your connections were, what you have done in the past, how much or how little you have, but only in what you want to do about your problem and how they can help.

An addict, before coming to the fellowship of NA, could not manage his own life, could not live and enjoy life as other people do. They had to have something different and they thought they had found it in drugs. They placed their use ahead of the welfare of their families, their wives, husbands, and their children. They had to have drugs at all costs. They did many people great harm, but most of all they harmed themselves. Through their inability to accept personal responsibilities they were actually creating their own problems. They seemed to be incapable of facing life on its own terms.

Most of them realized that in their addictions they were slowly committing suicide, but such cunning enemies of

life are narcotics and sedation, that they had lost the power to do anything about it. Jail didn't help at all. Medicine, religion, and psychiatry seemed to have no answers they could use. All these methods failing for them, in desperation, they sought help from each other in NA.

After coming to NA they realized they were sick people who were suffering from a disease like Alcoholism, Diabetes, Tuberculosis. There is no known "cure" for these - all however, can be arrested at some point and "recovery" is then possible.

In NA they follow a program borrowed from AA. In the last forty years, more than one million people have recovered in AA. Most of them were just as hopelessly addicted to alcohol as others are to drugs. The NA program is deeply grateful to the AA fellowship for pointing the way for them to a new way of life.

There is one thing more than anything else that will defeat a person in their recovery; that is an attitude of indifference or intolerance toward spiritual principles. Although there are no musts in NA, there are three things that seem indispensable. These are: Honesty, Openmindedness, and Willingness to try. With these an addict is well on his way to recovery.

NA feels that this approach to addiction is completely realistic, for the therapeutic value of one addict helping another is without parallel. They feel that their way is practical, for one addict can best understand and help another addict. They believe that the sooner they face their problems within our society, in everyday living, just that much faster do they become acceptable, responsible, and productive members of society.

The only way to keep from getting or continuing a habit is not to do that first fix, pill or drink. If you are like them you know that one is too many and a thousand is never enough. They

put great emphasis on this, for they know that when they use drugs in any form, or substitute one for another, they release their addiction all over again, or create a new one.

The substitution of alcohol has caused a great many addicts to form a new addiction pattern, which in its progression brings them as many problems as before. They seem to forget that alcohol is one of the oldest known drugs. It would appear that these are people with addictive personalities who are strongly susceptible to alcoholic addiction.

Both NA and AA are therefore programs of complete abstinence. Both are programs where simply by admitting defeat, one gains victory.

There is no N. A. Program here at the Institution. This writer has experienced the horrors of cross - addiction. If drugs have been a problem with you, then come to the A.A. program available to you here. Remember that in N.A. the same steps and traditions from the A. A. program are used, they merely substitute the word alcohol for the word drugs. So if you are interested, come along. Keep trying! Never give up!





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A GOOD HEART DIES



Richard Edes Harrison

shane green

It was the dusk of the day as the small, fragile boy trod along the dusty old road. He was thirteen years old. He kept an almost even timed series of glances over his shoulder as if he was suspecting someone to be following him. It had been a hot day and with the dust and sweat stirred together from the days travel, he would be mistaken for nothing more than a vagabond. At length he spotted an adjoining road off to the side on the right. Having no cares for what was ahead of him, for he was only looking for adventure, he headed down the road. By now the earth was closely covered with the night's blackness and therefore he was searching for a place to bed down. Then by the grace of the one up above, for this was a dry land, he came upon a tiny meadow that seemed to have come from a fairy tale. The grass lay like a green velvet carpet, where upon a trickling stream flowed and as the water spilled over the small stones it sounded as if a million tiny bells were ringing. At last, to its final touch of perfection, stood a large evergreen whose branches fell touching the ground like a multitude of drooping curtains. It was under the branches that the small boy lay his head and wandered off to sleep and was peaceful throughout the night.

He awoke in the morning with a light head but an angry stomach. Picking himself up with great ease, he carried himself to the stream where he took it upon himself to splash the sleep from his body and mind with the crystal cold water. After completing his self assigned task, he walked back to the magnificent tree noting on his way that it was to be another hot day. He seated himself on the ground where he had slept the previous night, reached inside his shirt and presented a small bundle wrapped in a greasy cloth. Unwrapping it he found that its contents consisted of a small hunk of beef, a crust of bread, and a piece of cheese. He had stolen this food from his home but his future meals he would probably steal from a different source.

He leaned back against the trunk of the tree; nibbling on the food, his thoughts wandered against his will back to what marked his position. He had been quarreling with his younger brother early yesterday morning and not wanting to harm him, he decided to take his frustrations out on the woodpile. It was then that the hideous mishap took place. His brother, still full of devilry, was not to be ignored so easily and continued his unbearable taunting, only now graduating his attack from a verbal assault to a physical attack with a switch that he found nearby. By then he was trembling with rage, welt marks from the switch welling up on his face, arms, and back. Blinded by an uncontrollable rage, not thinking, he had swung the large double bladed axe and buried it deep in his brother's chest. It had seemed like an act of defence at the time but now he sat thinking about it with a stare of shock, not caring what kind of an act it had been as a great sadness tormented him inside. He thought of his family and the hurt he had caused them and tears formed in his eyes.

Something startled his mind back to reality and his mind focused on a hobo. The boy was suprised to find someone in his secret place. Each in turn, introduced themselves. The hobo, who was twenty years his senior, made known that he was at one time a runaway himself, for the boy had told him such a tale, and that he would gladly have the small boy accompany him in his tours of the country. The boy was delighted at this proposition and accepted immediately. The hobo had no food so the boy shared his grub which was consumed by the hobo who had the appetite of a hungry bear. After finishing their scanty meal they picked up their belongings and left the small paradise.

A sight they were as they proceeded from one town to another in the passing days. A short, thin, middle aged man with the eyes of a broken being. The boy was small and thin but his eyes were laughing as most boys are when they're centered on adventure.

As time passed they became the best of friends. They taught each other how to laugh, sing, dance, and be continuously happy. They often slept in haylofts of barns that were plentiful along the way, but when none were to be found the fields of the land would do. They begged for food whenever they were hungry and this is how they lived until the winter coldness started to lay upon their flesh when they slept.

One morning after a chilly night's sleep in a barn, the hobo remarked that they would be going south. He went on to say that they would hop a train that was going through the next town at about dusk that day. When they reached the town they started accumulating food for their trip. After completing this task, they headed out along the tracks to a sharp turn that made it an easy task of climbing aboard. This point was proven an hour later when the train came barreling down the tracks. Just when the two thought it was going too fast for them to jump aboard it slowed a little at a time so that when it approached them it was clacking down the tracks at a slow, almost welcoming speed. It was no problem in landing their ride, so within moments they were comfortably stretched out in a dry box car. Luck must have been with the two because comparing a dry box car with a cattle car is like comparing a mansion to an outhouse.

They travelled for five days in this moving room, eating, sleeping, and conversing. The boy was an endless stream of questions about their destiny. The hobo readily gave answers for he understood the boy's excitement. At long last it was time to bail out and so at the next turn they jumped, both landing on their feet but then tumbling for they had landed on a steep sided bank. After regaining their senses, they opened their eyes and stared for the land was indeed very rich.

The next town was a few miles from where they were located; therefore after finishing the last of their food, they started on the trek to town. They were amazed at the great number of wild animals that were to be seen dashing across the large fields, reaching far beyond the horizon as they ran in boundless leaps.

At length they reached the town. It was a large town, the kind fancy people would mostly visit. The boy had never seen such riches in all his thirteen years. All he could do was stare.

As they were trodding along, they both noticed at precisely the same instant that a lawman was approaching. The boy froze in his tracks, then dove for an alley between two buildings when the lawman reached out for him. Before reaching the end of the alley, the big hand of the lawman grabbed him by the hair on his head, causing him to flip upon his back. He was raised to his feet and dragged to the jail with the hobo all this time throwing questions with great remorse of what was going on that the lawman had to treat his small friend in such a manner. The boy was separated from the hobo at the jail entrance but they were to see each other once more.

He was thrown into a small, foul smelling cell in which there were no other occupants. He sat down on the slate of rock that was to be his bed, a far cry from the soft grass of the meadows, and took in what surrounded him. The cell was six by eight feet, ten feet high, dark grey walls that were more spider webs than anything, and a pail in the corner in which he could relieve himself. The cell was entirely without windows of any sort.

Food was brought at supper time; this consisted of a bowl of soup with hardly any ingredients at all, except for water, and a small slice of dried up bread that crumbled when he broke it in half. He was hungry for he hadn't eaten since early morning, so he forced the slop down. After completing his meal he lay upon his bed and went to sleep.



He was awakened bright and early in the morning for a breakfast of porridge. While he was consuming his food, his door was opened and in walked a perk little old man. He introduced himself as being a lawyer and when he took his hat off, the boy saw that he was bald. The man told the boy he was in jail for the killing of his brother and that he was to go before the judge at ten that morning. As the man left he threw a small brown bag to the boy. In opening the bag he found it contained two large slices of homemade bread and a large chunk of beef. He ate the whole contents of the bag, thus satisfying his appetite.

It was quarter to ten when his door was opened again. He was handcuffed and led out into the sunshine. They crossed the street and went into a large white building through a big black door and then down a hallway through a small door into a large room. The room was packed with people that stared with curiosity at the small boy as he was led to stand in front of an old man sitting in a large chair behind a desk. The boy was wondering who he was and why he was wearing a long black robe when he started talking. The old man talked a steady stream of words and then he started bringing people up beside the boy, then sitting them back down again. the boy was bewildered and understood nothing through the whole thing except a few words. These words kept going round in his mind, the words the old man said to him, "age makes no difference," and "may God have mercy on your soul."

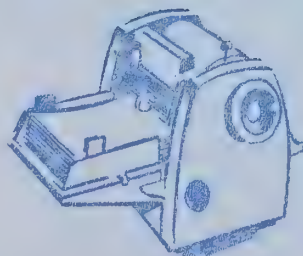
The next day the boy was led from the jail and around the back of the building. There was a large crude gallow looming against the sky and that was when he understood he was to die. He walked up the creaking steps, they tied his hands behind his back, put the rope around his neck, and then asked if he had anything to say. His mind was wanting to make him speak and it won. The boy's small voice rang over the stillness of the morning and the words he said were, "I love you Mom and Dad. I love you too little brother and I'm sorry, please forgive me, God I don't want to di..." The trap door had dropped, he dangled there like a doll. No more would he run across the meadows, or drink the cool water of the woodland streams. No more.

Gestetner

Sales and Service

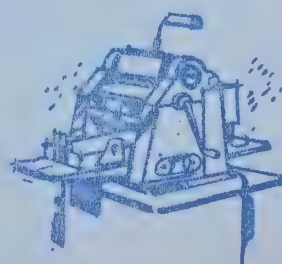
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WINE & DINE IN NUMBER NINE

In these times of the consumer society and its attendant dogma, Consumerism, it has become commonplace to think in terms of disposables. This may be all very well for such items as ballpoint pens and paper plates, but it scarcely renders a desirable state of affairs when the concept is extended to supervisory staff. For the bulk of the past year this unit has been in the unenviable position of being guided by the "Disposable L.U. 2", and the lack of visible direction that has resulted. This is not to knock the living unit staff who have been taking monthly turns at filling in as "King of the Month", but to point out that it has been impossible to know who was in charge of the unit. The unsettling atmosphere generated by the uncertainty and changing leadership created problems.

Thus discipline in the unit was felt by the inmates to have been set on very arbitrary and continually varying standards, and often left them in bewilderment as to exactly where they stood. Admittedly the day has happily gone when inmates had to have short back and sides and a clean shaven face and had to stand at attention when addressed by a staff member, but it is very necessary that inmates should have set standards that do not vary with the whims of the various personalities.

The situation here was reminiscent of the regular state of affairs in the St. John's Pen in Newfoundland where it is normal to have the rules changed daily. I can remember from when I was there, one of the tobacco chewing screws started baling out one of the inmates for breaking a rule the poor unfortunate didn't even know was one. He objected and protested his ignorance of the new regulation and the screw just laughed.

"I just made it up," he said. "Everyone else seems to be making up new rules around here; I thought I'd make one up myself."

Thus it is with a sense of relief and hope for the future that we are glad to welcome Mr. Clyde Murray, late of # 10, as our new L.U. 2. The word hit the unit just before christmas and the impact of his presence has already been noticed. We trust that there will now be a meaningful communication and effective rapport between the staff and the inmates that has hitherto been all too deficient and subject to the most unnecessary understanding.

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THE T.C. WORD

by Teddy Carr and Mike McKenzie



In times cold as this record breaking winter, the thermostat gets turned up so there's plenty of heat for everyone. This has been the case in #10 ever since the New Year. The latest fad is cell time, everybody's doing it, 5 nights being the favorite. Of course the place is looking ship shape, cleanliness the order of the day, unless you lift the corner of the carpet.

Our wondrous Discussion Committee is stuck in overdrive, cranking out the proposals left and right, loading down the policy makers with piles of paper. The first plan is to repeat the chocolate sale that was so very successful last fall, so get those trust fund forms ready. Chocolate covered raisins and peanuts for everyone, cavities for the dentist (he needs the practice). Still sitting in the background is the vegetable garden, resurrected from last year for another flogging; the final decision is anxiously awaited by all. After that there is the idea of raising from the dead the old T.C. Alliance, a loose cooperative of arts and crafts workers producing objects d'art for sale on the street. Due to the load of proposals, this idea is staying in the background til the first two items are well sorted out.

UNIT NEWS BY T.C.



There was a dart tournament in our unit which went over pretty good, having 18 people signing up to play. Each had a chance to play a game against all the others once, receiving two points for every win. Charlie Sheehan lost only four games and ended up with 26 points to take first place. Tony Tucker and Brian White were two points back to take second and third spots. The top eight played off ending up with Mike McKenzie and Charlie Sheehan going into the final match and Sheehan coming out the winner.

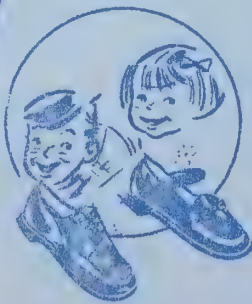
In ball hockey, #10 didn't show much good coming in last place with only one win and one tie for the season. Although most of the games could have gone either way, we just couldn't put enough together to finish a game on top. Beaten out of the playoffs by #11, they just mended their wounds and prepared for donut hockey.

Donut hockey season is under way now with five games played, #10 has two wins and three losses, showing a lot more talent than they showed in ball hockey. A lot of #10's success is accredited to the speed and talent of guys like Gerry Reddick, Gordie Burton, Charlie Sheehan, and Wendall Everette. 10's two wins are against #11 and the determination of the team should be able to come up with a win or two against #9 and top place #8. So let's get out there and take 'em boys!

SPORTS NOTES BY M.M.



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NO 11: IT'S A MAD MAD WORLD

by HYMIE HYMAN

The loyal brotherhood of no. 11 has taken it's vows and closed the doors to the outside. Our Grand Poobah, second cousin to the Cosmic Muffin, has passed the order, after realizing that our hallowed community does not need the criminal influence within our sacred walls. Yes dear friends, there is no need to look to our neighbours of the maritimes to see what independence is all about. Because of our recent awakening and the realization of self importance, the political machine of our illustrious unit has decided that our partners in crime, having already been screened at reception, have no need to enter and soil our holy land. Those who our father of the light does not fell is capable of appreciating the beauty of our company include: the soaring minds of the Children of Cannabis, Robin Hood and his fast fingered friends, and even the good folks who travel by airplane (glue). But since these people are also of a secret sect, our father of hope, in order to protect his children, has closed the doors to all who may wish even a moment of our time, even if it be for the most sacred reasons.

Let it be known brothers, that great consideration should be given to this matter. We are the chosen few, and it may be that for once our Cosmic Muffin's relative has dropped his cookies, and

should instead be considered for the cracker box. Our cloister is rich in many wonders that Cos has given and they should be shared. Many of our followers are enlightened people, burdened with the task of bringing carnal knowledge to the virgin minds of our kids. How long can the rest of the institution of justice go without "the big apple's guidance." Afterall, it is written, "Let me help, I have been briefed onto it." Or even the messages of Swami Floyd, who, even though he has a hard time putting his best foot forward, does none the less, provide us with important information. It is he who shows us how to put as many fifty-cent words together as he can without losing his breath. Our Swami has also given us a new sport, a cross between the discuss throw and the shot put; it is the far fetch. And what about the community Kidd, who goes forth into that hateful populace outside, and each week provides us with Christmas. So what if he doesn't know what sizes to get, it makes it more like a real Christmas anyway. Unfortunately, we do not even get the joy of going to the return desk in the department store.

The truth of the matter is that the world cannot go on without our help. Being the chosen ones, it is our duty to enlighten the outside world, as well as our brothers within, and share the warmth, or should I say heat, which our

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father of dispair shares with us day in and day out. Our protector, the Archer, summed it up appropriately in his last speech to the world. Even in this state of thanksgiving, we should be careful we do not become the traditional turkey. This was stated before a delegation of potential fellow brothers, and aptly covered by a misquoting glory seeker, who, because of his inability to understand these words of wisdom, jealously attempted to steal the show by distorting the already confusing trivia of the Archer.

Another thing which our father of confusion is worried about is, what he calls, open and unashamed acts of love for the fellow brother. Well, ain't that a buggger. And now that I think of it, that's exactly what it is.

Just to get back to the birds for a minute, our own poultry representative, Loose the Goose has been expelled for one reason or another. I believe it is because of the episode of the Holy Wafers. Brother Loose had become upset because of the prescribed fast which we undertake each night. And so, as an act of love, he relieved the Loaves and Fishes room of a quantity of these highly gaurded Lembas. For this he was given five nights solitary contemplation, and as if that is not enough, he will soon be forced to leave our home of Happiness, pushed once again into that Hell on Earth. Perhaps, through acts of bravery, he may be allowed to share the spiritual unity of our cloister at some time in the future.

Brother Chris sojourned to the city of Halifax, requested by Pompous Pile-on to give character reference to a brother. But once he arrived, it was discovered that he need not give a sermon. While down there, the brothers of the H.C.C.C. (Halifax Collective Communal Cloister) took care of him and fed him. Unfortunately those few hours on the street soiled him deeply and it will be quite a while before he can be completely whole once again. Brother Ralph will also be making the long trip soon, and I hope he speaks with Chris, as we are all so ignorant to the ways of the beast. Soul brother Shaft has received his penance. His TLA (Temporarily Lost from Assembly) has been approved. Our hearts go out to you, and we will pray that no harm comes to you. Our J.C. (you know who) movement is going to be present at the annual prayer group this year in Halifax. The Will of Gibbs has made it known that we are already full with the spirit, and that Friday most will be partaking of more, but because we are already full, there will be no reason for us to partake of it on Friday. Swami Floyd will go with three other brothers on saturday to attend this festive occassion.

The days go on, and the world changes, but not for us because our illustrious leader, our father of celebacy has closed the gates and given us a life is now relaxed and friendly, even if we can't share our friendliness with others. And remember, it is easy to seek proper guidance and receive council. We are free to have what we want, its as easy as blowing bubbles.



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All Star Sports Briefs

by Sports Writer

Marty Smith

ALL STAR HOCKEY

Institutional All Stars
vs
Springhill All Stars

The Second game between these two All Star teams was held on February 3, 1977. The Institutional All Star team had three lines coming into this game, while the Springhill All Stars had two lines.

Both teams really went all out in the first period to get the first goal. At 11:05 in the first period, the first goal was scored for the Institution by Jim Bryan, and the assist went to Arthur Klinger. The goal was a good shot to the lower left hand corner. After the goal was scored, the Springhill All Stars really put the pressure on but still couldn't get their first goal.

At the end of the first period, I talked with the team captain of the Springhill All Stars: "We had a lot of chances to score, but the goaltender was just too hot to score on in the first period. I hope we have better luck in the second period."

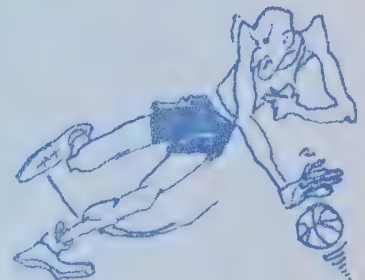
The second goal was scored shortly after the second period got under way. The Institutional team went on to score three more goals before the end of the period, making the score 5-0 for the joint, but we have to give credit to the Springhill All Stars for really trying hard to get on the score sheet.

When I asked the captain of the Institutional All Stars for a comment, he said he was really surprised; "because of the way his team is playing. They are really playing a super game so far, and the goaltender is just unbelievable."

At the first of the third period the Springhill All Stars really came out and put on some pretty heavy pressure. When they came up with a two on one break, goaltender Pat Smith came through with a great save to maintain a shut out game. With one more goal at the 12:05 mark for the Institutional All Stars, the score was 6-0 for the home team.

Period	Time	Goal	Assist
1	11:05	Bryan	Klinger
2	6:40	Bryan	Klinger
	7:25	Lively	
	12:51	Dean	Dargavel
	19:35	Dean	Lively
3	12:05	Bryan	Lively

THE GOLDEN HAWKS



The Golden Hawks basketball team has been doing real fine since they started playing. Al Burnett is the high points scorer and has the most personal fouls against him. Jerry Reddick is second in the points standings, only two points behind; another good player and shooter. Carvery and Clark are two more pretty good players, but the one who surprises a lot of people is Chris Boutillier. He controls the ball well with passing and dribbling, and sets up some fine plays. When he's on the floor, everyone finds out pretty fast that he has a lot of good moves.

Since Christmas, four different teams have come into the institution to play against the Golden Hawks. This All Star basketball has had good competition in the various games, and I would like to thank all the teams and players that were involved.

The Springhill High School team showed a lot of enthusiasm and played good ball. Their points leader is Mills with 60 points and Legere is second with

34 points. The rest of the team is MacDonald, Cot, Cooper, Hunter, Sieppes, and Doyle.

The undefeated Blue Knights have Roger Caulfield leading with 48 points, and Moore following up with 29. The other players on the team are Campbell, Sear, Whortman, and Stubberts.

The Maccan Lakers took a beating while they were here, but they put up a good fight and never lost the spirit. R. Dwyer lead the attack with 29 points, with A. Dwyer right behind him with 18 points. Their team mates are Rayworth, Hoeg, Collins, Dwyer, and Morris.

After only one game which they lost to the Golden Hawks, the Oxford High School team has Nogler leading the race for points with only 15, while Rector is second with 12 points. Supporting them on the team are Black, Wood, Weatherbee, Mills, and Moore. I hope they come back sometime and give it another try.

Here is the standings in All Star basketball as of February 1, 1977.

NAME	NO.	FOULS	POINTS
Burnett	33	17	45
J. Reddick	25	8	43
Carvery	4	8	41
Clark	12	6	35
Boutilier	5	6	31
Manning	10	8	31
Belanger	15	5	12
M. Reddick	30	11	11
Lively	14	1	11
Brennan	-	2	9
Toney	20	0	4
Farmer	24	2	2
Bloomfield	22	0	2
Lynch	-	2	2
Ettinger	-	4	2
Green	-	0	0

TEAM	WON	LOSS
Golden Hawks	2	2
Blue Knights	2	0
Maccan Lakers	0	2
Springhill High	2	1
Oxford High	0	1

That's it for now, so stay tuned for more of the All Star sports here at Springhill Institution.

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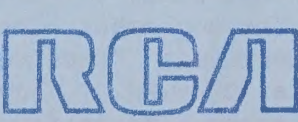
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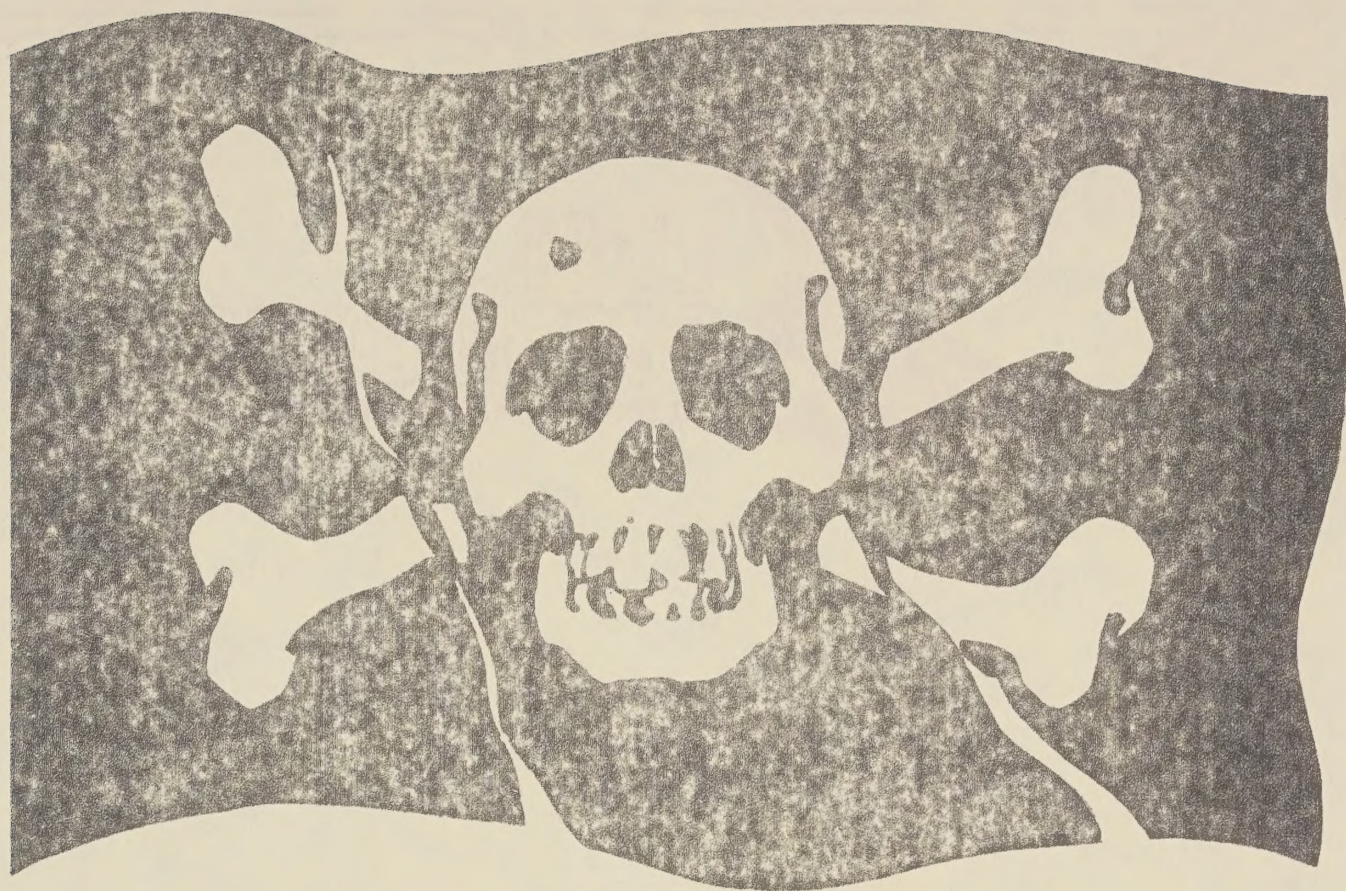
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